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work, which certainly deserved commendation.

The special novelty of this performance appeared in the last movement of Mr. Jerome Hopkin's "Life" Symphony, which purported to depict "Old Age" in a very extensive tone picture of that period in man's life. We cannot say that Mr. Hopkins made clear in his varied and really skillful orchestration the experience of declining years, but he undoubtedly deserves credit for good handling of these means for effecting such, perhaps, unattainable purpose.

HARTZ'S TEMPLE OF MYSTERY.—When the public stumbles upon a good thing it is never chary of its patronage, and that is the reason why the Hartz's Temple of Mystery, commonly known as Dodworth's Hall, is crowded every night to witness the performances of the most remarkable illusionist of the age. M. Hartz does a hundred wonderful things in that graceful and facile manner which takes away all appearance of labor, and makes his execution of magical illusions appear as a natural endowment. The Floating Head continues to be one of the unexplainable wonders of his performance and nightly excites the intensest curiosity and interest. It is one of the cleverest ocular deceptions or illusions that was ever yet conceived by a magician. M. Hartz performs every evening and on Saturday afternoon.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO MISS BEEBE.—A grand Complimentary Concert will be given to a rising young vocalist, Miss Beebe at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. She will be assisted by the following eminent artists; Madame D'Angri, Signor Centeneri, Mr. W. F. Hill and by Thomas' popular orchestra. A warm interest is evinced in private circles for the success of this young lady, who is reported to possess both talent and education, and a large and fashionable audience, it is expected, will be in attendance. The appearance of Madame D'Angri should attract a full hall, for it is rarely that we hear so fine an artist in the concert-room.

NEW ORGAN AT ST. LOUIS.—We hear from Missouri's capital city, most favorable report of a new organ just put up in Trinity Episcopal Church there, which after being tried on exhibition by six of the best organists resident in St. Louis, satisfied them, the church authorities and all present, entirely as really excellent and highly creditable to its builder—Levi U. Stuart, of this city. Like his grand organ in Park Avenue Church, this organ is far more efficient and noble than its scheme promises by mere number of stops. It has twenty through stops, divided in this scheme: In Great Organ, Open Diapason, Gamba, Stop Diapason, Melodia, Principal, Harmonic Flute, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sesquialtera—3 Ranks—Trumpet. In Swell Organ, Boudon, Open Diapason, Dulciana, Stop Diapason, Principal, Flute, Piccolo, Hautboy. In Pedal, Double Open Diapason, Violoncello,

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The 19th Sunday Concert takes place at Steinway Hall, to-morrow evening, Jan. 6th, on which occasion the programme will be unusually attractive. The orchestral selections by Thomas' Orchestra will be of a very varied and popular character, and well-known artists will assist in the solo department. Messrs. Bateman & Harrison make every effort to render these Sunday Concerts worthy of the brilliant patronage which the public has bestowed upon them, and the popularity of the entertainment continues unabated.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The performance that is to find "an abiding home in dramatic story," has taken place—the polyglot "Othello" has been performed, and the general verdict is not altogether favorable.

To ears not familiar with the Teutonic language, with its constant recurring guttural tones, "Othello," in its new dress, as presented by Mr. Dawison, has proved somewhat embarrassing for criticism or true enjoyment, added to this, the mixture of the two languages has proved more amusing than satisfactory, and "Othello" has raised many a laugh in addition to applause.

The character of the heroic and "noble Moor," as usually represented by English and American actors, with its conventional dignity of action, its almost stereotyped rendering of "points," and the attention to a certain rich and picturesque costume, now deemed inseparable to the part, are all at total variance with Mr. Dawison's conception, and are by him totally ignored, or so modified that the spectators unacquainted with the actor's language sits in partial bewilderment while witnessing this singular performance.

Mr. Dawison professes to be an exponent of the literally *natural* school of acting—he throws overboard the conventionalism and traditions of the stage, and gives us originality and naturalness of conception and execution, that which he doubtless believes to be truthful and impressive, and which is so considered by his countrymen. That this style does not impress foreigners so favorably is a fact beyond contradiction. His peculiarities, and in almost every case awkwardness of action, and his singularly literal and colloquial style, contrasted, as it is, with overwhelming bursts of passion, and an occasional high pitched declamatory method of delivery, strike the beholder as mannerisms, rather than that faithfulness to all that is truly natural, for which Mr. Dawison strives.

Do not imagine from all this that I would deny to the gentleman all just praise, far from it, he is undoubtedly a great and powerful actor, but still an actor with a "hobby," and this "hobby," if not abandoned will prove his ruin. Nature is one thing and exaggeration is another, and Mr. Dawison's acting leans very much towards the latter—his stilted "one, two, three" strut, his awkward action of hands and legs are all execrable, but through this there runs such a vein of strong, passionate, emotional acting that one is puzzled whether to praise or to condemn, and is prone to leave the task disheartened.

Taken then, as a whole, and setting aside ungracefulness of action, Mr. Dawison's "Othello" may be considered a qualified success; his conception is undoubtedly false, but still original, and as an originality demands attention; his rendering of the language is at times wonderfully powerful and dramatic, and at times again descends to mere declamation and "rant;" his portrayal of jealousy is simply superb; but notwithstanding these many fine and noteworthy points his performance is not an entirely satisfactory one—there is something wanting—and you leave the theatre with a vivid remembrance of many truly great things, but over all there is a certain indescribable feeling which keeps you from giving unbounded and unqualified praise to what you had expected to find a great and remarkable performance.

Mr. Dawison is admirably supported by Messrs. Booth and Gotthold and Mesdames Scheller and Vernon. Mr. Booth's Iago is a performance too well known and appreciated to need notice; it is a great piece of acting, and save a certain proneness to too great flippancy in the earlier parts is in every way admirable; the final entrance in the last act is something that, as an expression of pent-up and baffled rage and hate, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

Mr. Gotthold has caught the true spirit of Cassio, and is quiet, dignified and gentlemanly, and when, in the second act, he gets drunk, he gets drunk like a gentleman, and not in the ruffianly, brutal way in which the Cassios of the stage are apt to. Mr. Gotthold was to have played the part in English and German, but, at the request of Mr. Dawison, made use of the vernacular alone.

Mme. Scheller's Desdemona is the best performance she has yet given, while Miss Ida Vernon's Emilia is deserving of all praise.

The "Othello" sensation over, matters theatric will fall back into their state of pristine quietude once more, until they are startled by the revival of the "Merchant of Venice," which is to be produced at the Winter Garden with great attention to costume and scenic effect.

In the meantime a "little bird"—has whispered to me—that time-honored "little bird" who is always whispering to somebody—that we may have another specimen of the polyglot drama at the Winter Garden, in the shape of "Macbeth," in which Mme. Ristori and Booth will play the blood-thirsty and ambitious Scottish King and Queen.

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

I am glad to learn that a memorial to Congress, petitioning for an increased tariff on imported pictures, is being circulated among the studios, and is receiving the signatures of all our artists. Notwithstanding the ridicule that the larger portion of the press are endeavoring to throw upon this scheme, it is undoubtedly a most admirable one; every tradesman and mechanic is protected by the tariff, and there is no just reason why the artists should not enjoy the same privilege. It has been argued that an increased tariff on imported pictures will tend greatly to lessen the love of art in this country; that these pictures excite a spirit of emulation in our native painters;